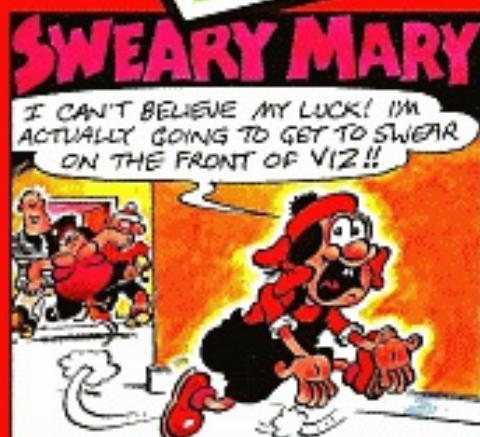


Issue 99
(with monkey blood)

20th Anniversary BUMPER SWEARIEST COVER EVER!

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NOT FOR BASTARD SALE
TO FUCKING CHILDREN



Packed to Fuck with
your 4-Letter Friends



& introducing...



WHAT A TWAT!

scan by dextrovix

HERE MAN, WHAT THE FUCK D'Y THINK YE ARE FUCKIN' LOOKIN' AT?

Ratboy



How the Stock Exchange Works -

Read and learn about one of Britain's most intriguing institutions.

pages 32&33



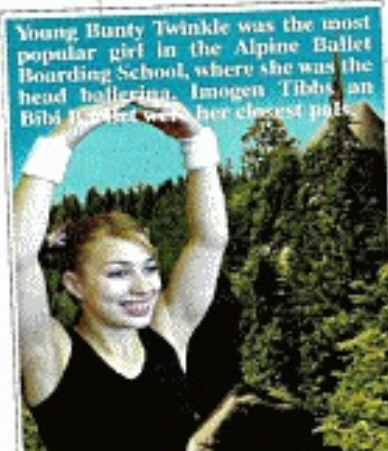
Thursday's Adventures of Jacjac - More thrills with the boy reporter

page 41



Johnny Fartpants - Yuletide flatulence with Viz's favourite fartarse.

pages 28&29



Remember Me this Way - Real-life photo lurv in an Alpine Ballet School.

page 15



Plus- The usual crew of characters and the return of Black Bag.

Letterbox-

Comment on the issues that concern you. This week - left-handed wanking, shaven bikini lines and flea circuses.

Pages 6&7

Roger's PROFANISAUUS UPDATE

Another batch of crudities to make you laugh your fondleberries off. Or not.

pages 6&7

H.R.H THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND HIS WACKY CAPERS

page 48



Letterbox

Star Letter

Letterbox
Viz, PO Box 1PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 1PT
Fax 0191 2414244
email viz.comic@virgin.net

□ These so-called 'disposable' cameras are such a farce. Now I have absolutely no record of a perfectly lovely holiday

S. Partridge
email

□ May I just say that not everyone who watches the Miss World contest on television is a slobbering sexist. Some of us think that in these cynical times it is refreshing to hear beautiful girls so concerned about the environment, elderly people and world poverty. The fact that they are wearing skimpy costumes barely concealing their vibrant, rounded breasts and tantalising us with the briefest glimpses of shaven bikini lines covering their mounds of pleasure is totally irrelevant.

Paul Dixon
Northumberland

□ I am amazed at the poor state of driving in this country. Only yesterday, in dense fog, I passed dozens of motorists who were doing in excess of 90 miles per hour.

Tony English
email

Phoney lines

□ The girls on the 'Live 1-2-1, 30 second instant cum lines' are not really 19-year-old blonde Swedish nymphos with a 38-22-36 figure. They're more likely to be fat 49-year-old boilers with saggy tits, big arses and treble chins. I should know, because my mis-
sus is one.

A. Berry
Grimsby



□ Does anyone else reckon that this twat from the group 'N SYNC' looks a bit like Student Grant?

T. Charles
Wigan

It's the page that can't shake the dewdrop off its Herman Gelmet

He's got the hump



□ I was recently on holiday in Morocco, an I took this photograph of what must surely be the worlds most miserable man. I mean, if he isn't happy giving camel rides to tourists, why doesn't he get another job?

S. Gill
Gateshead

Have you ever met anybody more miserable looking in their day to day work than this bloke? Send us a snap of their sour face and we'll give a copy of The Rusty Sheriff's Badge to the best ones we receive. Mark your envelope 'Les Miserables' and send it to our usual address.

Blue blood

□ So your Royal Family are worth all the millions they cost because of all the tourist dollars they bring into the country? If they were really committed to boosting tourism, they would strip naked and perform depraved sex shows on the balcony of Buckingham Palace. I wouldn't travel round the block to see your Queen changing the guard, but I'd fly halfway round the world to see Lady Melons Windsor licking out Sophie Rhys-Jones whilst getting ridden up the ass by Zara Philips with a 10 inch strap-on. Hot diggity!

Chuck Schwartzheimer,
San Francisco

Black widow

□ I was as upset as anyone by the tragic death of Cilla Black's husband Bobby, and was moved



by her fans' calls for her to carry on working. I don't wish to intrude on her time of grief, but could I gently remind her of a promise she made to give up work in the event of losing her hubby. Come on, Cilla, a promise is a promise, and it would be a great opportunity for ITV to make Saturday nights watchable again, perhaps with some repeats of The 'A' Team or Baywatch. Or just the testcard.

G. Coe
Loughborough

□ My mum told me never to listen to rumours. Consequently my copy of Tusk is completely shagged out.

A. Formby
The Wirral

□ My wife bought me a really special birthday present recently, but I'm not going to tell your readers what it was. Imagine my surprise.

S. Partridge
email

What's the most special present you've received that you're not prepared to disclose to us? There's a tenner for each one you write in and don't tell us about.

□ British readers may be interested to know that the other day I saw the popular character 'Harold' off Neighbours walking around Melbourne. And I can tell you he looks a very different person. Off-screen he is painfully thin, a foot taller and sports a moustache, but he still wears his unmistakable coke-bottle glasses. At least I think it was Harold off Neighbours.

Justin Deegan
Cobram, Australia

□ When will greengrocers stop referring to 'New Potatoes'? They've been out for years now, so isn't it about time they just called them potatoes?

T. Doyle
Dagenham

The reverie's a bastard

□ Since I won the Football Pools, my life has been like a dream come true. Only the other day I gave my girlfriend a cuddle, but she turned into my dead grandad and started to chase me, and it was like I was running through treacle. And then I realised my maths 'A' level was about to start in ten minutes and I'd done no revision and couldn't find a pen.

R. Baker
Stroud

CAN YOU LEND ME A TENNER
TILL I GET BACK ON MY FEET



Hack issue

□ About a year ago in issue 92, you published a picture in the 'subscriptions' bit of the magazine. I have an awful feeling that the person in the picture is me, though I have no direct recollection of it being taken. I guess it dates back to my days as a callow cub reporter on the Northern Echo, many years ago. I would be grateful if you could confirm the origin of the picture or tell me if there was an original caption so as I can find out what the hell I was up to. Not much judging from the evidence.

Steve Harris
Winchester

Well, Steve, the magazine was called 'Stockings! A lively look at legs'. If you were shocked to see yourself in this picture, you'd be horrified with later ones where you took your clothes off revealing yourself to be a woman.

Hopping mad

□ I am a Flea Circus owner and recently decided to groom my performers for a big show. I chose 'Johnsons Dog Flea Shampoo', but far from cleaning my fleas' hair, it actually killed them. Let this serve as a warning to other flea keepers.

D. Miller
Kiphill



Opportunity Knockout

□ They say that in a fight, you should use your opponent's weight against them. That's all very well, but it didn't do my uncle any good when he was attacked in a pub by Lena Zavaroni.

P. Miller
London

Well hung over

□ Despite all I've had to drink over the past years, my cock still does a bloody good job. Let's hear it for my knob.

Craig Parks
Wimbourne

□ Would S.L. Marston (Letterbox issue 98) mind waiting his turn? I was here before him, and I still haven't had my 'Early Riser' breakfast yet.

B. Corry
Table 4
Bardon Mill Little Chef

□ People often complain about how American culture and tradition is being imported wholesale to Britain, changing the face of our nation. I agree that we are turning a little 'Americanised' in our outlook, but there are many charming customs that arrive from 'over the pond'. Halloween used to be a non-event over here, now I can look forward to gangs of threatening looking fifteen year-olds in plastic 50p horror



Cyril Fletcher's Photo Corner

I am indebted to Mr. Calvin Evans for this bi-month's photograph, taken whilst enjoying a day at Uttoxeter Racecourse. Mr. Evans advises anyone using the public conveniences there for defaecatory purposes should ensure they wipe properly as they are liable to have their anus inspected by one of the course officials. I would at this point like to add some witty little pun concerning equestrianism and anuses, but sadly I am unable to think of one, on account of my being practically certainly dead.

Esther...



masks demanding a quid each not to overturn my dustbins and snap my car aerial.

S. Marsden
Barnsley

Jugged Aries



□ I think astrology is a pile of shit. My girlfriend

is an Aries and she's got tits like two thruppeny bits on an ironing board. Meanwhile, her younger sister, who is also an Aries, has got the biggest pair of paps I've ever seen. I'd like roly-poly astrologer Russell Grant to explain that if he can.

Andrew Nesbit
email

Stroke of inspiration

□ I am left handed, and I have to laugh, because every time I have a wank, it feels like somebody else is doing it.

L. Vincent
Stoke

WHAT'S YOUR FUCKING PROBLEM?

Miriam

SORTS YOU OUT

Dear Miriam... I started a new job about a year ago and became friends with this wonderful young woman. About three months ago, our friendship turned into something more affectionate. The trouble is, we are currently in a pub, and I'm trying to get back from the bar with two pints, a gin and tonic and a bag of crisps under my arm. The room is very crowded. Do you mind if I just squeeze past you there?

Dear Miriam says... Hoy! What's your fucking game? You've spilt me fuckin' pint. It was a full 'un an' all, you clumsy wanker.

Dear Miriam... Oh! I'm sorry.

Dear Miriam says... Aye! You fuckin' will be, son. Outside, now!

Dear Miriam... Look, I really don't want any trouble, I just...

Dear Miriam says... Come on. You start it. Stick one there. Come on!



TOP TIPS

BELL RINGERS. Don't waste time raising money to save your church bells. Get the same teeth-grating effect by simply dropping different lengths of scaffolding pipe off the roof of the church at 8 o'clock every Sunday morning.

Mark Smith
Wantage

OFFICE managers. When leaving your office desk for any length of time, make sure you leave your mobile phone on and unattended. Set it to play 'The Yellow Rose of Texas' loudly, instead of just ringing, then complain loudly when you return and find it in pieces in the bin.

Damian O'Neil
Heaton

SAD blokes. When attempting to get into a barmaid's knickers, why not 'playfully' pull back your tenner just as she reaches to take it when paying for a round. It really turns me on.

Rosie
Bristol

MUMS over 50. Don't forget the last date for boiling Christmas carrots and sprouts is the 5th December.

Pete O'Bog
West Bromwich

BIG ISSUE venders. Have blonde hair and big tits. That way you'll sell more copies.

G. Rice
Liverpool

PARENTS. Baffle everyone your baby daughter will ever meet by calling her 'Shivorn' but insist it is pronounced 'Sea O'Ban'.

A. Delarosa
Hove

TIRED of being nagged to walk the dog. Pretend you've already taken it out by unrolling a turkey rasher out the side of its mouth whilst it lies by the fire to give it that shagged out look.

D. Pickering
Whitehaven

AMERICAN locomotive drivers. When confronted with a car obstructing a rail crossing, the brake pedal is the one that slows the train down, not the one that sounds the fucking horn.

Jim Gearbox
Lamesville

SINGLE people. Pretend you're having sex by parking your car in a secluded country lane and steam up your windows using a 'travel kettle' plugged into the cigarette lighter.

Alastair Green
email

A pair of fox terriers, one strapped to each foot make ideal 'organic' rollerskates.

Justin Deegan
Victoria, Aus.

ASTHMATICS. Avoid going on holiday to places where the scenery is described as breathtaking.

J. Cloth
Bedside Manor

SURPRISE your wife by tidying her underwear drawer when she's out. Try on stockings to check for ladders, and try on bras and suspenders to check for broken clasps. Keep defective lingerie hidden in the shed as it can be used to clean up paint or tie garden canes, etc.

R. Leigh
Rayleigh

Roger's PROFANISAURUS

Thanks to everyone who's sent in an entry to Roger's Profanisaurus. Keep them coming in, and we'll keep updating it. And we've had so many requests for the limited edition Profanisaurus mug that we've had to order another limited edition job lot. So if you haven't received yours yet, please hang on a bit, though we're afraid the offer is now closed.

air lingus n. A sexual position adopted by soft porn jazz mag lesbians where one is just about to lick the other one's *twat*.

Ark Royal Landing Deck n. Descriptive of the state of the 'U' bend in a student house toilet.

blanket drill n Mil. An early morning *mutton musket* practice that results in the loss of the officer's *mess*.

booze tardis n. A four dimensional beer scooter.

bottled Bass n. Descriptive of the lubricity of a *stout*, as in "You may be knocking on a bit, love, but you're *granny's oysters* are frothing like bottled Bass."

bunny-boiler n. A determined woman who misinterprets a one-off drunken *scuttle* as the overture to a deep and lasting relationship, then tries to win your affections when you go back to the missus by boiling your kids' pets.

chimney sweep's brush n. Dick Van Dyke's penis.

doppelganger dick n. A hard-on of such intensity, that one's own face is seen reflected in the shiney head, affording it the appearance of a miniature double.

dung dreadlocks n. Haile Selassie's beaded curtains.

Laid-back tagmats. eye magnets n. Lovely tits.

fallen off her bike euph. A monthly cycle accident leaving a woman bleeding from the saddle area.

fondleberries n. Testicles.

gashtray n. The gusset of a lady's *farting crackers*.

Gnasher's loot n. A promis-

cuous woman's sexual history, ie. a long string of big sausages.

grave-sniffer n. A senior citizen. A coffin-dodger.

lilies on the pond n. The artistic practice popularised by impressionist painter Claude Monet of laying sheets of toilet tissue on the water surface before giving birth to *Meatloaf's daughter*.

A pap baffle. pigeon's chest n.

The female swimsuit *hunchbox*.

The beetle bonnet. playing snooker with a

piece of string *sim*. Trying

to sink a pink with a *dobber*.

poosticks n. Game whereby

lolly sticks are inserted into

barkers' eyes by curious children.

"What are you doing?" squeaked Piglet

excitedly. "I'm pushing a

lolly stick into a dog *shit*,"

replied Christopher Robin.

(From 'When we were very

very young' by A.A. Milne).

prick-stick n. A white DIY

glue in a handy tubular

dispenser used solely to stick

the pages of an *art pamphlet*

together.

roughing up the suspect v.

What a vice squad copper

tells his superiors he's

doing when he's caught

polishing his *bobby's helmet* in

the seized porn store room.

Samantha rhyme sl. A ring

piece. From Samantha Janus.

scumper n. Someone who

lays sheets of bog roll on

the seat of a public toilet so

as his *arse* does not touch

the same place as someone

else's *arse* has touched. The

late Carry-on star Kenneth

Williams was known to

scump.



SPAD acer. Signal passed at danger. To drive your *Interclity 125* at full pelt into the tunnel, despite seeing the red warning signs at the entrance. To shag someone who has *fallen off her bike*.

spreader n. A variation on a *moony*, whereby the buttocks are manually pulled apart to reveal the *freckle*.

spunk gurning n. The delightful faces a *griumble-flick* actress pulls as she excitedly anticipates the tipping of the romantic lead's cement onto her face.

thirty four and a halfer n. A gentleman blessed with the ability to perform *horatio* upon himself.

tits on a fish n. Descriptive of a supremely useless thing, as in "Did you see Stan Collymore play on Saturday? He was as much use as tits on a fish."

tramp's mate n. Someone who looks like they probably stink, eg. Danny Baker, Jocky Wilson.

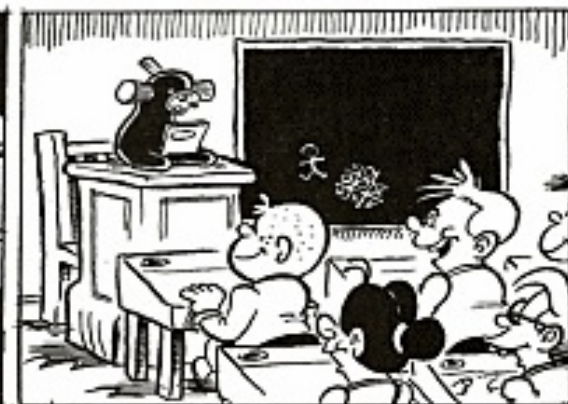
trying to get the last pickled onion from the jar euph. Deep *gasser typing*.

up to the maker's nameplate adv. An engineering term for being *conkers deep*.

video cripple n. One who can normally walk perfectly well, but loses this ability when returning a video to the shop and has to park right outside, even if it's a double yellow line or is restricting traffic. Similar to *cashpoint cripple*.

wail switch n. An excitable lady's *clematis*.

Our Teacher's a Microbe



WEE JOCK POPPYCOCK

T'WAS REMEMBRANCE DAY IN THE VILLAGE OF OLDE SPORRAN... AND THE SCHOOL BAIRNS HAD GATHERED TO REMEMBER THE FALLEN...

WEE JOCK! HAVE YE NAY RESPECT FOR THE DEED O' TWO WORLD WARS? WHY, YER NOG EVEN WEARIN' A POPPY IN YER LAPEL!



THE TEACHER WAS DUMBFOUNDED, BUT THIS WAS NAY TRICK. FOR HIS PUPIL DID INDEED HAVE A POPPY FOR A DICK...

JINGS! THE WEE LADDIE POSSESS A PECULIAR POPPY SHAPED PLONKER!



SO THROUGH A MINUTES SILENCE, JOCK SET THE SOLEMN TONE, BY PROUDLY WAVIN' HIS WILLY AT THE MEMORIAL STONE...



AS THEY SKIPPED BACK TO SCHOOL, THEIR REMEMBRANCE COMPLETE... SIR INFORMED HIS LUCKY PUPILS OF A SPECIAL WEE TREAT...

NOW THEN, CHILDREN, WHEN WE GET BACK TO CLASS, MR MCQUIVER, OUR VERY OWN, LOCAL SHELL-SHOOTED, BASKET CASE WAR VETERAN, WILL GIVE A TALK ON THE PROPER USE O' LIVE HAND GRENADES!



BUT WHEN THEY RETURNED, SIR FELT SUCH A FOOL... FOR HIS CLUMSY GUEST SPEAKER HAD BLOWN UP THE SCHOOL.



ERM... SIR? I MIGHT JUST HAVE A WEE IDEA UP MAH SLEEVE, SO I MIGHT.



QUITE SOON A NEW SCHOOL ROSE OUT OF THE RUINS... AND THE MAYOR'S HEAD SPUN WITH THE SPEED OF THE DOIN'S...

BY JINGS! THE SCHOOL'S ALL COMPLETELY REBUILT! HOWEVER DID YE GET THE FUNDS TOGETHER SO QUICK, MAN?



SO THE BAIRNS AND THEIR TEACHER GOT THEIR HAPPY SCHOOL BACK... THANKS TO ONE WEE JOCK POPPYCOCK, AND THE MARKET FOR SMACK...

HURRAY IT UP, WILL YE, JOCK? AH GOT A FUCHIN' GREAT BIG CAN O' GLASSOW TRIADS BREATHIN' DOON MAH NECK!!



The Adventures of

MAJOR MISUNDERSTANDING



SNIP SNIP SNIP



I'M THE NEW VICAR AT ST JAMES' PARISH



A SORT O' GETTING TO KNOW YOU EXERCISE WITH MY NEW PARISHIONERS, HA HA



I KNOW YOUR LITTLE GAME, AND I'M NOT GIVIN' YOU A HA'PENNY



NOW YOU'VE BLEED THE STATE DRY YOU THINK YOU CAN BEG MONEY OFF ME



PERHAPS IF YOU'D THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE, YOU WOULDN'T BE IN THIS MESS



NO, YOUNG LADY, I'M NOT GIVIN' YOU A HA'PENNY



SNIP SNIP SNIP



FELIX

AND HIS
AMAZING
UNDERPANTS

HI, READERS.
I LOVE A GOOD
SCARY FILM, ME.

ROXY

ALL THIS
WEEK
THE BLAIR
WITCH
PROJECT

ROCK-HARD
ICE CREAM
2 FOR A YOB

I'M SORRY EVERYONE,
BUT THE POPCORN
MACHINE HAS
BROKEN DOWN!

BOO!

WATERBURY
COLA
15



H marks the spot as he buries

The Viz Box for the Year 2000

IN A LAVISH ceremony last week in the Viz Italian Sunken Garden, the Viz Box for the Year 2000 was buried by H out of Steps. The time capsule, which contains mementos of our own century, will not see the light of day until the next millennium.

When it is opened, it will show the Viz readers of the future exactly how people lived in our times. The objects placed inside the box have been specially selected to represent all the different aspects of modern life.

Here is what is inside the Viz Box for the Year 2000.

A jazz-mag.

From our viewpoint here in the 20th century, we find it amazing that our Victorian ancestors used to masturbate frenziedly if they so much as caught a glimpse of a piano leg. And likewise, how soft the art pamphlet of today will seem to the space-age tugster of the future! Armed with his interactive 3-dimensional holographic virtual reality sex helmet, he'll be able to choose from a limitless menu of depraved pornographic scenarios, of a core far harder than we can even imagine, before settling down for a shamelaced shuffle - into a glittery silver sock!

Paperclips.

Some paperclips. Because everyone will communicate by telepathy in the next millennium, paper will no longer be required. And with no bits of paper to hold together, paperclips will soon find themselves surplus to requirements too. The man of the future who opens the box will certainly scratch his head when he sees these curious little things!

Money.

We are including examples of every coin that is currently legal tender (except the pound and the two pound. And the lily peep). Shopping in the year 2000 will not involve these primitive, clumsy coins which we take for granted. The shopper of the future will simply have the cost of his purchases debited automatically from his bank account, using a thin magnetic strip, on a piece of plastic no bigger than a credit card.

In the next millennium, disease will be nothing more than a closed chapter in an unread history book on the dusty shelves of a library. On the moon. Wonder-drugs of today, such as AZT, Elasto-plast and Tunes will have long since vanished from the medicine cabinets of the future. Anyone who catches an illness will simply have his head cloned onto a disease-free body. And he won't have to worry about joining a long waiting list for his operation either. The whole process will take no more than 5 minutes, and all he'll have to do is slip a twenty-pence piece into the slot of a "Clone-Me" booth, in his local Post Office, Railway Station, or Woolworths.

After burying the box, H out of Steps made a map showing its exact location in the Viz Italian Sunken Garden, so that the people of the year 2000 will be able to locate it easily. And he hopes that - if he's still alive - he will be present when it finally surfaces again, in the first issue of Viz in the year 2000.

A newspaper.

In the world of tomorrow, the cumbersome papers we know today will be a thing of yesterday. In the future, computers small enough to fit on a desk will be commonplace in many homes. To catch up on world events, people in the year 2000 will simply hold their hand on a humming, glowing sphere and close their eyes. It will make a 'mmyow mmyow' noise, and an entire newspaper - including the crossword, the racing and the TV (all SEVEN channels!) - will be instantly downloaded into their brain.

A bowl of Weetabix.

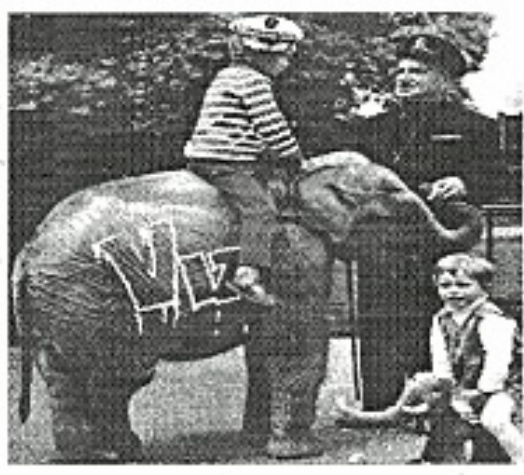
Breakfast, like all meals in the future, will come in pill form. A bowl of cereal such as the one in our box will be familiar to the man who digs it up only as a dusty museum exhibit, or a faded picture in a history book.

Half a packet of Locketts.

Sad Death of Lucy the Viz Elephant

REGULAR readers of Viz will be saddened to hear of the death of Lucy, the Viz elephant. She became a firm favourite in the late seventies, making numerous public appearances where she gave rides to children, but quickly outgrew her home, a lock-up garage in Huddersfield, and eventually retired from the limelight. In the mid eighties, Lucy once again hit the headlines when she was found, still in her Huddersfield lock-up garage - but now seriously malnourished and neglected.

She was moved to a slightly larger lock-up garage in Leeds, where she spent a further twelve years, before being chained up and left on a piece of waste ground near Wakefield, where she was found dead earlier this month, after youths had repeatedly driven a stolen Landrover into her legs and pelted her with bricks and bottles. In a sombre funeral ceremony, cheering crowds paid up to £5 each to watch as Lucy was winched on a crane to a height of over 250 feet before being dropped to the ground.

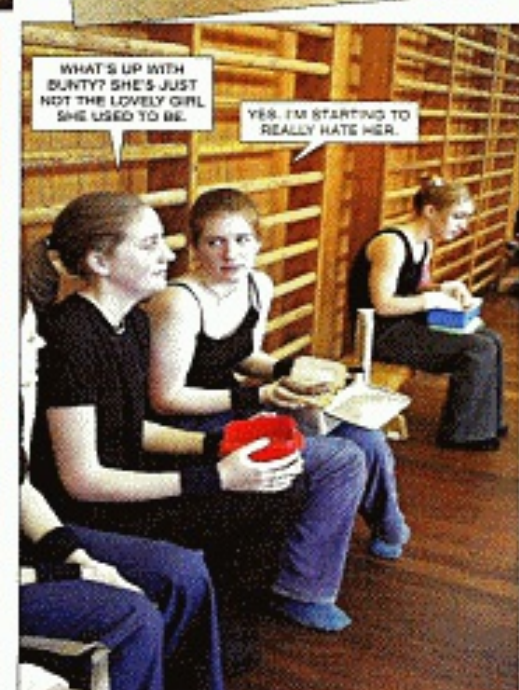
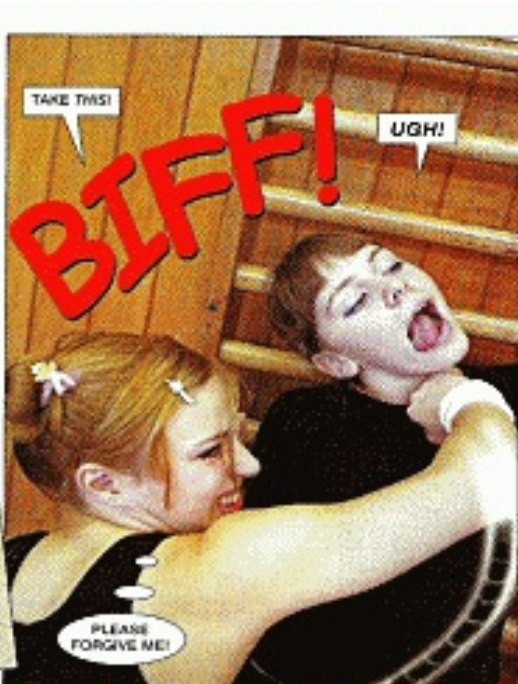


Young *Bunty Twinkle* was the most popular girl in the Alpine Ballet Boarding School, where she was the head ballerina. Imogen Tibbs and Bibi Bartlet were her closest pals.



Remember me this way...





The end

Cacko Jacko

THAT ACTOR who plays Jacko out of Brush Strokes was celebrating with friends last night after being presented with the 1999 BAFTA award for lifetime non-achievement.

The award is given in recognition of unre-markable contributions to showbusiness, and past winners have included such theatrical pot-boilers as the thin bloke who worked at the paint company with Terry Scott in Terry and June, and him out of On the Move. Not Bob Hoskins, the other one.

winner

Last year's winner, the woman with the big nostrils who looks a bit like Lynda Bellingham, but isn't, presented Jacko out of Brush Strokes with the award at a Gala Dinner at London's swanky Grosvenor House Hotel.

SHOWBIZ EXCLUSIVE

Last night, the actor recalled some highlights of his sparkle-free 21-year career in film and television.

douglas

"I was definitely in the last series of *Get Some In* and someone once saw me opening a bowling alley in Scotland. I often played a general purpose villain in *The Sweeney*, *Minder* or *The Professionals*, that sort of thing," he told us.

angelo

"I look quite like Terry, the chef out of *Fawlty Towers*, but I don't think



That actor - no great shakes

that was me. I think my name is Kevin or Keith or something like that. My wife just calls me Jacko out of Brush Strokes or sometimes him out of the Flash adverts."

CHRISTMAS GIFT IDEAS

Socks & Hankies



There's no better way of saying...

"Oh, fuck it! It's twenty past five on Christmas Eve and my feet are killing me."

Socks & Hankies - the perfect default present

The Socks & Hankies Information Council

This Christmas...

Say it with Puppies!



The British Association of Intensive Puppy Farmers

Ladies ~ This Christmas give your hubby exactly what he wants...



An ENORMOUS TIT full of BEER!

John Smith's Breast Bitter Ltd. Brassiere House, Manchester

RELIVE THE GOLDEN DAYS OF FOOTBALL HOOLIGANISM

JOIN TONY HART'S ORIGAMI ARMY!

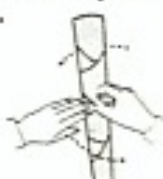
With the football season now in full swing, and security at grounds tighter than ever, trouble has never been harder to start. BUT TAKE HART! Buy my new book, *The Art of Folded Paper Thuggery*, and you'll be putting yourself about in no time with nothing more conspicuous than your daily paper! In seconds you'll master...



THE MILLWALL BRICK



THE CHELSEA HAMMER



THE POMPEY COSH



ONLY
£15.99
RRP £4.99

Available from all shops everywhere!

Morph says:

Recommended for the Rucker Prize 1999 "IT'S THE IDEAL XMAS PRESENT!"





**HAPPY
NEW
YEAR** FROM

THE FAT SLAGS



NEW YEARS EVE...
**SCOFF!
SCOFF!
SCOFF!**

WHAT'S UP
WI' YOU, SAN?

I'VE JUST SEEN IT ON THE TELLY.
IT'S TERRIBLE! ALL THE CHIPS ARE
GOING TO FAIL AT MIDNIGHT. I'M
GETTIN' ME FILL WHILE I CAN.

Y' DAPT TWAT. IT'S NOT
CHIPS! IT'S MICROCHIPS
THEY'RE TALKIN' ABOUT...

OH!

Y'KNOW... THE FROZEN
ONES IN A BOX Y' JUST
STICK IN THE MICROWAVE

ANYWAY, WE'VE GOT OTHER THINGS
ON US PLATE TONIGHT. IT'S THE
LAST DAY OF THE MINNELLUM!

SO WHAT?

WELL, IT'S NOT LIKE JUST ANY NEW
YEARS EVE, SAN. IT'S THE END OF ONE
MINNELLUM... THE START OF THE NEXT

AN' I WANT T' TELL ME GRANDKIDS THAT
I MARKED THE 2000TH ANNIVERSARY OF
THE BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD
IN A SPECIAL AND MEMORABLE WAY.

...WI' BAZ'S COCK UP ME SNATCH

AYE, ME
AN' ALL

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

WE CAN'T BOTH 'AVE HIS COCK
AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT.
YOU'LL 'AVE TO HAVE DAVE'S

ERE WE ARE, TRAY. PARTY TIME,
AN' WE'VE BRUNG THE BOOZE.

HAPPY NEW
YEAR!

LEAVE THE BOOZE
IN THE KITCHEN.
Y' NOT 'DOCKIN' T'
TILL AFTER
MIDNIGHT.

OW COME?
IT'S TRADITION
T' GET PISSED
EVERY NEW
YEARS EVE

IT'S TRADITION F' YOU T' GET THE
DROOP AN' ALL. THIS YEAR, WE WANT
T' BE CARRIED ACROSS THE THRESHOLD
OF THE MINNELLUM ON YER CHOPPERS

C'MON, GIRLS, FAIR'S FAIR! WE CAN'T
SHAG Y' WITHOUT A BIT OF DRINK IN
US. WE'VE GOT TO 'AVE SOME BEER
GOSSLES ON

AYE! Y' MUST
ADMIT... YER NO OIL PAINTINGS

Y' CHEEKY CONTS... YOU CAN 'AVE A
DRINK AFTER Y'VE POKED US AN' NOT
BEFORE!... NOW SETTLE DOWN BOTH OF
YER... ANGUS DEAYTON'S COMIN' ON.

2 MINUTES TO
MIDNIGHT...

HEH! HEH!

COME ON, LADS. YOU'LL 'AVE T'
START BONING Y'SELVES UP IF
Y' GOIN' T' BE ON THE NEST
AT MIDNIGHT

THANK CHRIST! I'M
CHOKIN' FORRA DRINK

GERONIMO!

WAHAY!

SO HERE WE ARE IN
TRAFALGAR SQUARE,
AND BIG BEN IS ABOUT
TO STRIKE... 10... 9... 8...

OOH! OOH! OOH!
OOH! AYE! OOH!

UHN! UHN!
UHN! UHN!

7... 6... 5...

... 4... 3...

2... 1... HAPPY
NEW YEAR!

TELL Y' WHAT, SAN.
NEXT MINNELLUM,
WE'LL ONLY LET
EM UP WITH 5
SECONDS T' GO

AYE!

ESTHER RANTZEN'S HEART of GOLD

ROARING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN WAS THE MOST INCREDIBLE FLYING MACHINE YOU EVER SAW...



BUILT BY TV PERSONALITY ESTHER RANTZEN, IT WAS A HUGE MECHANICAL TURBO-DRIVEN HEART, BEDECKED WITH GOLD-LEAF AND PRECIOUS JEWELS.



CLIMB ABOARD MY BIG GOLDEN HEART, CHILDREN.

ACCOMPANYING ESTHER IN THE REMARKABLE FLYING HEART WAS HER CROSS-EYED OWN, CYRIL FLETCHER.

ENGAGE VENTRICLE THRUSTERS, CYRIL.



Aye-aye, Esther.

WE'D BETTER STOP AT THIS UNCHARTED ISLAND TO RE-FUEL THE SHIP.



DO YOU THINK YOU'LL FIND PETROL ON THE ISLAND, MR. FLETCHER?



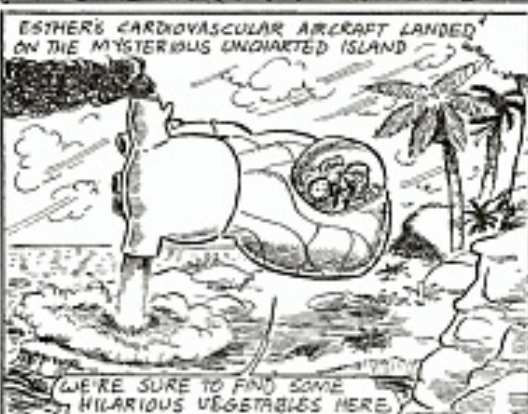
CYRIL, LOOK - SOME DISABLED CHILDREN ARE MAROONED IN AN OPEN BOAT.

WE MUST SAVE THEM!



NOT PETROL, YOUNGSTER - COCK-SHAPED VEGETABLES.

YOU SEE, THE ENGINE OF THE HEART OF GOLD IS FUELLED BY ORGANIC PRODUCE WHICH RESEMBLES HUMAN GENITALIA.



ESTHER'S CARDIOVASCULAR AIRCRAFT LANDED ON THE MYSTERIOUS UNCHARTED ISLAND.

WE'RE SURE TO FIND SOME HILARIOUS VEGETABLES HERE.



ESTHER - WE'VE FOUND A POTATO THAT LOOKS LIKE A BIG HARRY FANNY.

THAT'S GREAT, CHILDREN.



SUDDENLY!

GOOD HEAVENS! AN EIGHT-FOOT-TALL BUTTERFLY!

THIS ISLAND MUST BE AN ISLAND OF GIANT INSECTS.



YES - AND THAT GIANT DADDY-LONGLEGS COULD SPELL TROUBLE.

IT MIGHT POSSIBLY TRAMPLE ON OUR AMUSING VEG-FUEL WITH ITS BIG CLUMSY FEET.



ACTING SWIFTLY, ESTHER WHITTLED THE END OF AN OLD TREE-TRUNK INTO A SHARP POINT.

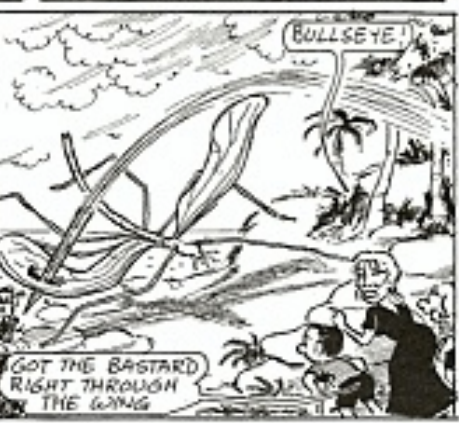


MOMENTS LATER THE IMPROVISED SPEAR HAD BEEN LOADED INTO THE SHIP'S PULMONARY ARTERY.

STAND BY TO FIRE, CYRIL.



GWOMP! OUT OF THE DEOXYGENATED BLOOD VESSEL ROCKETED THE DEADLY PROJECTILE.

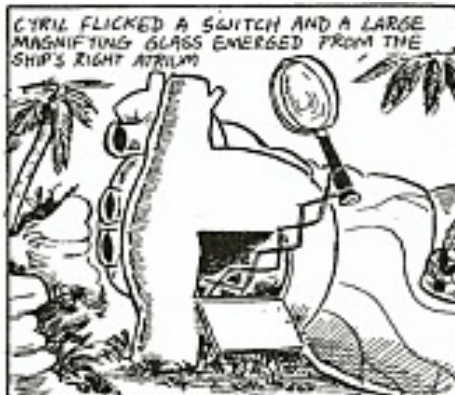


BULLSEYE!

GOT THE BASTARD RIGHT THROUGH THE WING.



WORKING AS A TEAM THE FOUR FRIENDS BRAVELY PULLED OFF THE GIANT CRANE-FLY'S UNGAINLY LEGS.



www.double.d

REPORTS that an American woman is planning to open her blouse and reveal her bra on the Internet have led to calls for a tightening up of laws governing the worldwide web.

Mother of eight Draylene Shinz, 49, of Illinois expects over 30 million computer enthusiasts to log onto her home page www.lady-inabra.com to see her in her brassiere on December 18th.

Popular

Moral watchdogs fear that if her plan proves popular, it may spark off a trend for even harder material on the internet - including ladies exposing their nude bosoms or even knickers.

Mid-west Mom expects massive Net interest

And home secretary Jack Straw has been swift to join in the debate.

"If left unchecked, I could envisage a situation where a young man who isn't even old enough to get married could buy a computer, and look at pictures of ladies in bras, whilst he slaps the back of his neck and steam comes out of his collar," he told us. "This must not be allowed to happen."

Escort

Meanwhile Mrs Shinz, speaking from the stoop



Shinz - exposure on internet

of her mobile home in Trashville, Carbondale, was unrepentant. "It ain't no big thing," she told reporters. "Going on the internet in my bra is the most natural thing in the world. I'm just going like, 'here's my brassiere', that's all. I'm only going to show it for a couple of seconds, anyhow."

Fiesta

And she had harsh words for the people who have complained about her plan. "They're only sore because their woman ain't showing them no bra at home, and that's for sure. Uh-huuurh."



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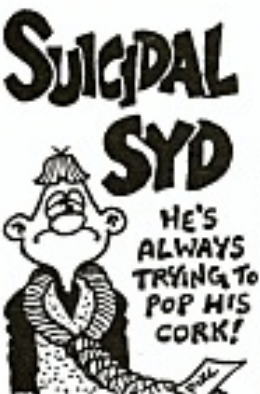
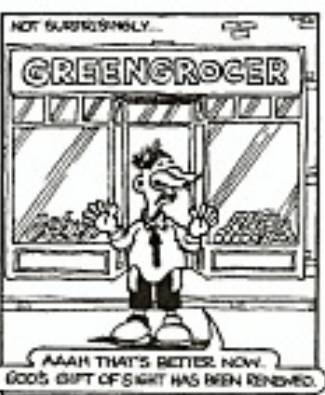
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JOHNNY FARTANTS

THERE'S ALWAYS A LOUD
BANG IN HIS UNDERCRACKERS...
...AND A PAPER HAT



CHRISTMAS MORNING...



THE FAMILY WATCH THE BOND FILM ON THE TELLY,
GATHERED ALL AROUND THE YULETIDE LOG...







HOW IT WORKS

The Stock Exchange

To many of us, the workings of the stock exchange are a complete mystery. It may look like a chaotic scene of waving bits of paper and shouting. But in fact they are keeping the wheels of Britain's most machines, it's really very simple to understand once you know what the key components are.

1. This man is a Trader. He holds up and waves small pieces of paper and shouts numbers to his colleague. If he shouts the wrong numbers or if his colleague mishears him, millions of pounds could be wiped off share values across the world.

2. The Electronic Display is the nerve centre of the whole stock exchange. From the minute the exchange opens to the ceasing of trading in the evening, very important numbers to many, many decimal places scroll across its screen, far too fast for anyone to read. It is the task of the underwriter to point excitedly at some of these numbers, and scream selected ones into a phone.

3. The Futures Trader sits in an air-conditioned office up in the gantry. He copies the figures shouted at him by the Underwriter, with some others on his computer screen, and has to make split second decisions as to whether to buy these numbers or sell them. A wrong decision could cost him a million pounds.

5. This is a Bull. He has just spent four billion pounds that he doesn't have, and that doesn't exist, buying something which also doesn't exist, from a man who doesn't own it. The deal done, the imaginary thing is immediately sold back to the Bull, who uses the original nonexistent money to pay for it. Thanks to the magic of the Stock Exchange, both men have just made a million pounds.

6. This is a Stag. He buys things that don't exist, but using money that does, but which he doesn't own. He then sells them on to himself, and the money therefore becomes his.

8. The Broker is a very slick man, for it is his job to go round in the face than anyone else on the Stock Exchange. Not only that, but he constantly waves bits of paper and attempts to jostle to the front of a crowd of screaming Jobbers gathered around somebody on a small platform called the Jobbers' Stand.

7. This is a Bear. This is a huge carnivorous mammal of the genus *Ursus*. It has escaped from the zoo.

10. It is the job of the Speculator to shout some numbers into one of four telephones he is holding. At the same time, his colleague is scribbling things onto little bits of paper and giving them to other members of the stock exchange. They are handed from one to another before finally being thrown on the floor.



55 9056 9056 9056 9056 9056 9056 9056
 55 9055 9055 9055 A 9055 9055 9055 9055
 55 9055 9055 9055 B 9055 9055 9055 9055
 41 9041 9041 9041 B 9041 9041 9041 9041
 54 9041 9041 9041 A 9041 9041 9041 9041

Exchange

Look as though the floor is full of men just
 in's economic machine turning. And like
 components are and what they do...

condi-
 compares
 erwriter
 reen. He
 whether
 A wrong
 and.

4. This man is not an actual trader, but has simply entered the Stock Exchange looking for his son, who has forgotten his sandwiches. He sees him across the floor and, attempts to attract his attention by waving and shouting. In doing so, he inadvertently makes himself a million pounds, and causes 200 brokers in Tokyo to jump to their deaths from a skyscraper.

skilled
 edder
 else
 floor.
 must
 paper
 to the
 ming
 round
 form
 t.

9. The men in the
 stripy blazers, shout-
 ing frantically are the
 Jobbers. It is their job
 to shout frantically in
 stripy blazers. A good
 Jobber, if he shouts
 loud enough and if his
 blazer is stripy
 enough, can earn an
 annual bonus of £2m.



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Celebrity Interview

SPLEEN CUISINE

Cooking up a Three Corpse Dinner-

Our 'Head' chef's favourite recipes!

Jeffrey Dahmer

"A Fridge full of Heads of my Own"

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In your newsagents now.

WINNING FORMULA

THE WORLD OF FORMULA 1 was rocked to its foundations last night after allegations that the Ferrari team CHEATED in order to secure this year's constructors' title. The Italian team faced disqualification from the Malaysian Grand Prix after after pieces of wood on the side of its cars breached stringent technical specifications, but the latest allegations, if proved correct, could mean that far more serious rule-breaking has been commonplace throughout the season.

According to Ferrari insider Ray Savage, team drivers Michael Schumacher and Eddie Irvine have regularly employed under-hand tactics, including:

- Setting up fake diversions
- Spreading quick-drying glue on the track.
- Running into back markers, and cutting them down the middle with an enormous circular saw, which comes out of the Ferrari nose cone.

SHOCKING SPORTS EXCLUSIVE!

witnessed

ONE shocking instance of cheating, which Savage claims to have witnessed, happened at this year's British Grand Prix: "Irvine was trying to overtake Hakkinen, but the flying Finn was not letting him past.

"Suddenly, when no-one was looking, Irvine must have pressed a secret button on his steering wheel. The car rose up on ten foot long extending legs and drove right over the top of the McLaren. It was a disgrace."

judged

Loyalty to his own team prevented Savage telling race marshals what he had seen, but after another incident later in the same race, Ray felt that he could hold his tongue no longer. "Schumacher rounded the first corner with a hefty lead over Coulthard. Then, quick as a flash, he pulled up, jumped out of his car and painted a false tunnel onto the side of a wall, and a length of false road leading up to it.

juried

"Then he put up a shortcut sign, pointing at the 'tunnel' and waited behind a bush. Coulthard and the rest of the pack were heading round the corner by now, and when they saw the shortcut, they naturally went straight for it. However, to Schumacher's amazement, they simply drove into the tunnel as if it was real, leaving the German in last place.

barristered

"Quickly, he jumped into his car, and set off at full speed in pursuit, only to crash immediately into the painted wall. Staggering out of the wreckage, Schumacher was then run over by a steam-roller which came out of the tunnel. That's how he broke his legs - and it served him right. That was me and Ferrari finished as far as I was concerned."

Father of eight Savage was later forcibly ejected from the Silverstone circuit, after being seen by security guards entering through a hole in the fence, and attempting to sell bootleg Michael Schumacher hats to racegoers.

*It's the pits as
Ferrari race aces
bend the rules*



A big red car going very fast - yesterday

IRVINE 'MADE LOVE LIKE A RABBIT' - Model

A FORMER model who once got banged off of Formula 1 race ace Eddie Irvine, claimed last night that he 'made love like a rabbit.'

"It was amazing," said 49-year-old Bridie McO'Dougale, from Belfast. "We met in a hotel bar, and he took me back to his room. He made love to me 150 times that night. He was insatiable. He would hop about on the floor, sniffing at a load of sawdust.

burst

"Then he'd jump onto my back for a frantic five second burst of love-making, before hopping off to nibble



Irvine at home yesterday

at some vegetable peelings in the corner of the room. It was the most incredible sex I've ever experienced."

grumbling

McO'Dougale is presently undergoing DNA tests in an attempt to prove that the 28-year-old racing driver is the father of the twelve, hairless blind babies to which she gave birth three weeks after their night of passion.



Michael Schumacher smiles and touches his ear, yesterday

BOYZ 2 UZ

THE BAND THAT'S TOPPED FOR THE TOP.

HAVING BEEN SACKED FROM THEIR COMPANY, 'SMR', THE BAND HAS BEEN REDUCED TO PLAYING LOCAL RADIO ROADSHOWS IN SHOPPING CENTRES...



BACKSTAGE... HI, I'M FROM 'SMR'. I CAUGHT THE END OF YOUR PERFORMANCE AS YOU WERE COMING OFF STAGE - VERY IMPRESSED. I'M THINKING OF SIGNING YOU UP!



AND... HELLO - A BOY BAND YOU SAY? YES, YOU'RE IN LUCK...



RIGHT, ANDREW SAYS TO SIGN YOU UP STRAIGHT AWAY - YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY PERFECT - THE LINE UP HAS FANTASTIC CHEMISTRY AND WE CAN'T THINK OF A THING WE WANT TO CHANGE



UNFORTUNATELY THOUGH THE BAND'S TOP HEAVY, YOUR PRESS RELEASE SAYS YOU'RE AN ORIGINAL CUTTING EDGE GROUP, WHO DON'T AFRAID TO TRY DIFFERENT THINGS, AND BANDS LIKE THAT SIMPLY DON'T HAVE FOUR MEMBERS. IT'S TOO CLUMSY AND DIFFICULT TO CHOREOGRAPH.



IT'S A VERY SMALL INEVITABLE HURDLE, AND I KNOW IT'S PAINFUL AND ONE OF THE HARDEST DECISIONS YOU'LL EVER MAKE, BUT ONE OF YOU IS GOING TO HAVE TO GO



BOOT!



RIGHT, THERE'S ONE LESS MEMBER SO FROM NOW ON YOU'RE CALLED 'THREE FOR ALL'



RIGHT - WELL YOU'RE FAR TOO OLD; OVER THE HILL.



YOU LOOK TOO MATURE AND WE ALL FEEL YOU OUPSET THE 'COSMETIC BALANCE' OF THE BAND. NOW TAKE IT ON THE CHIN AND GET FLOCK OFF.



HMM, NOW THERE'S ONLY TWO OF YOU. WE'LL HAVE TO GET A REPLACEMENT QUICKLY. I'LL RING ANDREW, SEE IF THERE ARE ANY SPARES IN STORAGE.



ANDREW! HI! LISTEN, YOU GOT ANY REPLACEMENT BOYZ?

YOU CAN ORDER THEM FOR TUESDAY? THAT'S NO FUCKING USE - COME ON, WHAT DO YOU PAY YOURSELF TWENTY GRAND FOR? PULL SOME STRINGS, SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO.



RIGHT LADS, EXCELLENT NEWS. ANDREW'S SENDING US A SELECTION OF BOYZ. SAYS THE CHOICE IS OURS AND WHATEVER WE DECIDE THEY'LL FIT INTO THE EXISTING BAND PERFECTLY...



I KNOW IT'S UPSETTING AND ONE OF THE MOST PAINFUL THINGS YOU'LL EVER HAVE TO DO, BUT LOOK AT THE WHOLE PICTURE: YOU'VE GOT NO CHOICE. IF YOU WANT THE BAND TO PURSUE YOUR DREAMS WITH HEAVYWEIGHT BACKING THE ONLY SOLUTION IS FOR YOU TO LEAVE QUIETLY OR YOU'LL RISK OVER ACHIEVING INTERNATIONAL SUCCESS.



RIGHT, NOW WHY DON'T YOU FUCK OFF BEFORE I CALL SECURITY? THIS AREA'S FOR BAND MEMBERS ONLY.



YEAH ANDREW - I'VE GOT THE REPLACEMENTS HERE - THEY LOOK FUCKIN' GREAT!



RIGHT, ALL OF YOU, GROW YOUR FUCKIN' HAIR, NOW. YOU - YOU PLAY LEAD GUITAR - YOU - YOU'RE VOCALS & SONGS, AND YOU - YOU THROW YOURSELF OFF THE SEVERN BRIDGE. OH - AND THE BAND'S NOW CALLED 'SHRUB'.



I WEEK LATER...



YESS!! WE'RE NUMBER ONE!!





Bishop Fined

MAGISTRATES yesterday fined the Bishop of Merseyside £250 after he pleaded guilty to a charge of failing to clear up after a priest. The court heard that the bishop allowed his priest to repeatedly foul the pavement outside the home of Mrs. Ethel Acetate, 82, of The Wirral. She told the court that when she remonstrated with the Bishop, he became abusive, telling her to "Wind her f***ing neck in". The court was shown video evidence, shot by Mrs. Acetate, which clearly showed the bishop encouraging the priest to defecate on the path before walking off. The Bishop admitted the charge and apologised to the court. The priest has since been destroyed.

Shiner for ER Indoors!

KEEN eyed stampthologists may notice something unusual about this year's Christmas stamps. For on the second class stamp, the Queen's head is facing in the wrong direction! And that's because she's sporting a right royal shiner!

EXCLUSIVE!

When she returned the next day to do the second class stamp, she was wearing sunglasses. "She took them off and I saw she had a livid purple bruise around her left eye. "I was reluctant to draw her the other way round, but in the end I had no choice, as her eye had come up like a tennis ball."

alarm

The Queen was reluctant to say what had happened at first, but eventually broke down, and told Palmer that The Duke of Edinburgh had "pasted her one."



"I was shocked. I asked why she didn't leave him. She said that it was her fault because his tea wasn't ready, and anyway, if she left, he would probably find her."

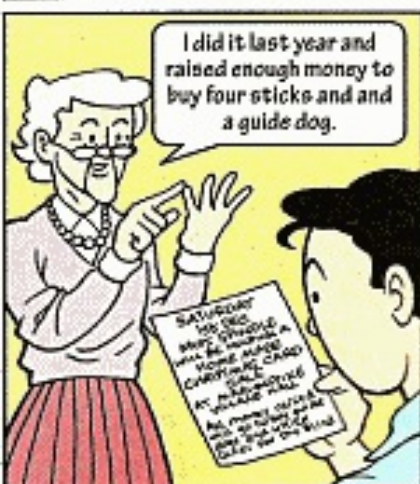
grandfather

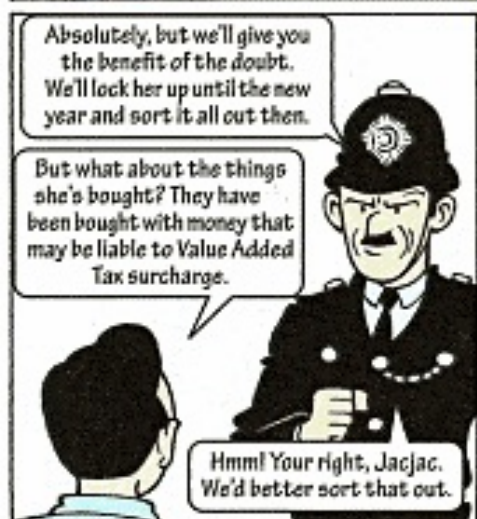
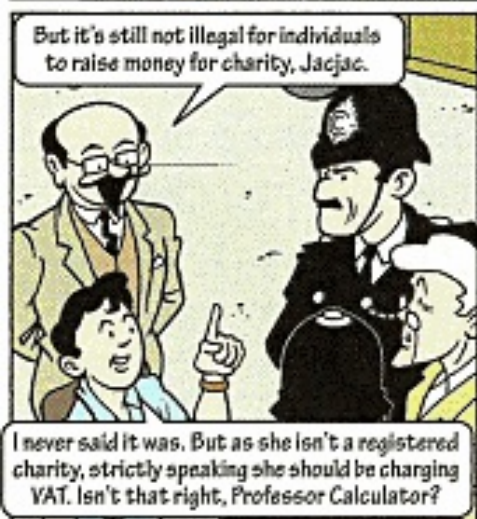
Ethel Franklyn, a neighbour of the Queen's who lives just across the Mall said she heard raised voices coming from the palace on the Tuesday. "I saw The Duke get home from his engagements at about 5.30," she told us.



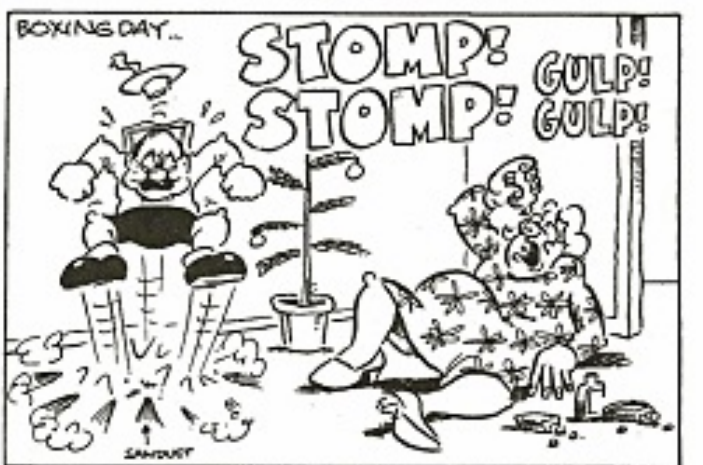
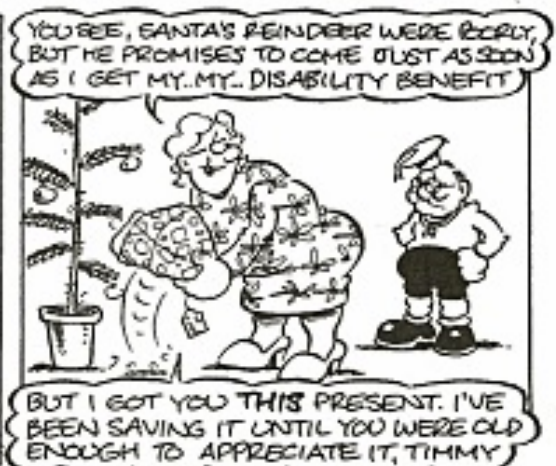
The 1st class (above above) and the 2nd class (above below) and the Queen (left) looking miserable again

"He'd been in the palace about a minute when an almighty row broke out. It went quiet, then he came storming out with a face like thunder, got into a Coach and Four and drove off." We called the Palace and asked if The Duke had clocked Her Majesty a fourpenny one up the bracket. "She walked into a door, alright? It's all sorted now so leave it, eh?" said The Queen's Secretary, Sir Robert Fellowes.





SPOILT BASTARD





Black BAG

THE FAITHFUL
BORDER BIN LINER



After falling down a well Andrew Selkirk the shepherd was recovering in Peebles Cottage Hospital.



"Can you hear me, Mr Selkirk? You'll be in here over Christmas - again," the consultant told the brave shepherd.



Bag flapped loudly at the window as two worried nurses tried to assemble the patient's parcels.



"I wish we had a bag for all the presents. What's that strange noise, Gwen?" They looked round to find a flapping binliner.



"Why - that dirty bag is trying to tell us something, Jessie! Let's get him before he blows away."



"I've got the sack," shouted Nurse McLeod cheerfully.



Santa was delighted with Bag and stuffed him full of toys.



"Is that you boy? I'd know that rustle anywhere."



Bag proved to be a great favourite with the children. "I suppose he can stay, it is Christmas after all," said Matron.



HRH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH & HIS JOCLAR LARKS



Christmas Day TV Choice

your essential guide to what's on TV this Christmas...

Christmas Day:

9.00 BBC1: Killroy Lively debate. Today's subject, people who turn up for work in the morning skiffed. **9.30 BBC2: Celebrity Changing Graves** Anne McKinnon jizzes up Les Dawson's traditional eek coffin with some leopard print fun-fur and a pot of lanky coloured paint, and Laurence Llewellyn-Bowen transforms Bill Owen's staid rasket into a Louis XIV fantasy palace whilst Mandy Andy nicks the corpse's watch and wedding ring. **11.00 BBC1: Sleep Tight** Not-very-good-but-sha's-blondie vet Trade Martine puts down the pets of the stars. **12.30 BBC1: Christmas Sporting Bloomers** Four rumbance clips of footballers' misfired passions are spun out by means of interminable slow motion repeats and Terry Wogan's lorne linking better into this two hour Christmas Day spectacular. **2.30 BBC2: Can't Think of an Original Programme, Won't Think of an Original Programme** Two commissioning editors battle it out to dish up a single creative thought. Presented by Aisley Harnett. **3.00 BBC1: HRH The Queen** Miserable old cow talks wank in a dead posh voice. **3.15 BBC1: Brown Bread** A new bitter-sweet sitcom from the pen of Carlo Lane, set in the chapel of Rest at a Liverpool Cancer Hospital. **4.00 ITV: Not Doing Much** Hermitage daisies. It's Christmas day and Doreen is staring at the

wall of his cave. Suddenly, nothing else happens. Narrated by Peter O'Sullivan. **4.30 ITV: You've Been Decapitated** More hilarious fire brigade videos of industrial accidents, introduced by Lisa Riley wearing a flameboyant multicoloured tent to disguise her plaineroid grin. **5.00 ITV: Wheel of Fortune** The Same shit as all year, but streak of piss John Leslie wears a Santa costume in the picture in the TV Times. **5.30 BBC1: Helicopter Police Doctor Vet Nettleship**, the unconventional antique dealing mountain rescue pathologist with mental troubles is back for a new series. Stars Nick Berry, or if not, Kevin Whately. **7.00 ITV: Emmordale** Mandy tells Zack that Seth Armstrong is Anne Brontë's dad, and spurned lesbian Zoe Tate eats Marlon's heron and jumps all the Woolpack. **7.30 ITV: Coronation Street** Emily Bishop tells husband Ernie that her nephew Spider, is really Gail Tilsley's lovechild by Albert Torlock. Meanwhile, Les Battersby ropes Minnie Croudwell six ways, including one, and she throws herself all the Batters on a big spike. **8.00 BBC1: Eastenders** Dirty Dan confesses to Ethel's dog, Little Willie that Pete Beale is the father of the taxi driver he murdered in Germany forty years ago. Grant gives Phil the BBC's first pre-watershed lesbian kiss, and in a fit of jealousy, Dai Cotton jumps 80 feet from the roof of the Queen Vic, through a flaming hoop and lands in a bath of acid only 8 inches across.

8.30 Ch4: Brookside On his cannibal deathbed, Sinbad confesses to Nick that he caused only 6 of the 14 explosions in the Close this year. Meanwhile Max, in a strait-jacket and poolcocked upside down in a milk churn is trying to come to terms with Jimmy Corkhill's sex-change revelation that Barry Grant is not the father of Heather Haversham's two-headed snake baby. After eating dynamite, Ladies and Gentlemen, a blindfold Anabelle Collins is shot from a cannon over the Great Pyramid of Cheops, landing in a flaming thimbleful of deadly poison balanced on unyielding Ran Dissan's nose. Meanwhile, a phonecall brings unwelcome news for Terry. **9.00 BBC2: Panorama** - Is TV dumbing down? Presented by Dale Winton and Maureen from Driving School. **9.30 BBC1: Before They Were Born** Angus Deayton ambushes the stars with more hilarious footage of their mother's embarrassing ultrasound scans. **10.15 BBC1: Last of the Birds of a Grave and Horses** An hour and a quarter of Christmas hilarity with all year favourite catch-phrases, as BBC cartoon sitcom writers once again get the chance to prove that 25 minutes is the ideal length for a sitcom. **11.00 BBC2: Charlie Dimmock's Pneumatic Drill** Masterclass Seasonal fun with the big-titted gardener. **11.45 Ch5: Hallelujah!** It's Raining Spunk 1972 TVM. Erotic Drama.

Rogue Trader Shot Dead

Police marksmen last night shot dead a rogue trader after he ran amok on the floor of the London Stock Exchange.

There was a desperate scramble for the exits as the 13 1/2 stone bull trader careered across the trading floor, trampling several stockbrokers and causing damage estimated at tens of thousand pounds.

ferried

Trading was halted for 3 hours whilst a fleet of ambulances ferried the dead and injured to nearby hospitals.

trawlered

The rogue trader was eventually cornered near a basket of foreign currencies and killed



with a single shot to the head.

A spokesman for Kleinwort Benson Clearing Bank said: "It's a great shame.

frigated

"These normally placid creatures usually spend their day roaming the floor looking to make vast profits for doing nothing. We suspect this one may have been financially wounded by falling gold prices and had come in search of a six figure bonus."

Simon Lotion

TIME AND MOTION MAN





STUDENT GRANT





THE MODERN PARENTS

John Fardell '99



3pm, 31st December 1999....

Essential food supplies all stored? Check!



20th Century Cultural Time-Capsule complete? Check!



Outer-Environment - Defence- and - Monitoring systems all in place? Check!



Good!.. That's everything. The future of the planet is safe in our hands.



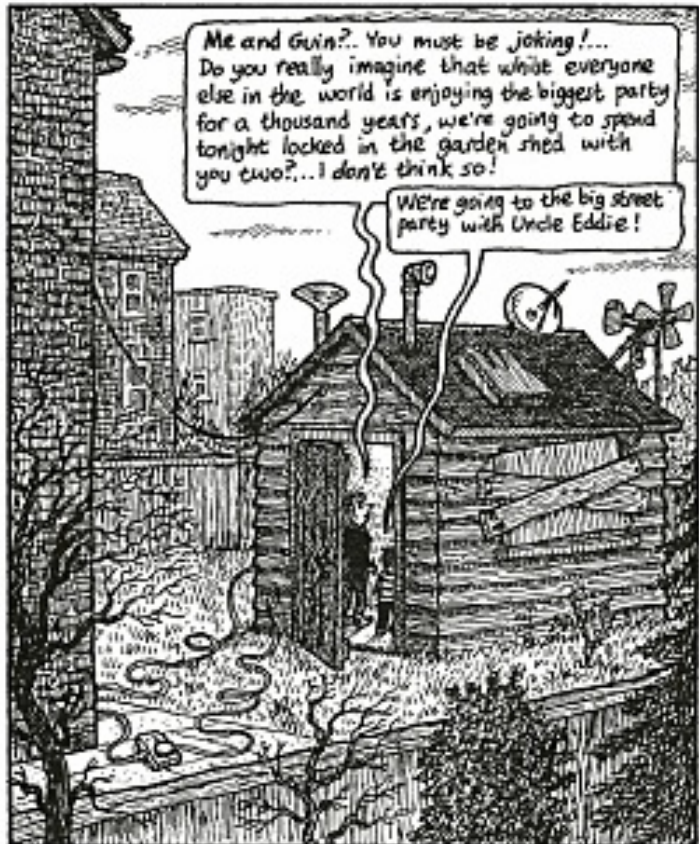
Since the authorities have barred ordinary citizens like us from the official bio-domes*, it was clearly our humanitarian duty to create our own Millennium Sanctuary.

Aren't you grateful, Tarquin? At midnight tonight, as the world descends into a new dark age, you and Guinevere will be safe inside our ark of caring, civilised life.



Me and Guin?.. You must be joking!... Do you really imagine that whilst everyone else in the world is enjoying the biggest party for a thousand years, we're going to spend tonight locked in the garden shed with you two?... I don't think so!

We're going to the big street party with Uncle Eddie!



But...but you can't!... Don't you see?.. That's exactly what the authorities want you to do - Bury your heads in the state-sponsored orgy of drunken oblivion, whilst the whole world burns in a wave of floods, nuclear disasters and asteroid collisions!



You must stay here with us!... You'll have to lead the new generation, who will emerge from shelters like this to rebuild a better world...

This sanctuary will be the headquarters of a new People's World Government.

Don't kid yourselves! Nobody knows or cares that you're here at all.



That's not true!... We've e-mailed Greenpeace already... We're the nerve-centre of a global network of eco-awareness.

Yeah yeah... Dream on... Come on, Guin... Let's go and get ready... Uncle Eddie will be picking us up soon...



Meanwhile...

GREENPEACE UK/USA

So, that's agreed, then?.. We'll present our Millennium Night Award for Grass-Roots Eco-Projects to these people, Malcolm and Cressida, for their Millennium Sanctuary...



GREENPEACE UK OFFICE

Absolutely!.. This Sanctuary sounds like a really original way to draw attention to global issues.

We'll go down there just after midnight and present the award in person... It'll be great publicity. I'll ring the BBC....



ESTHER'S HOGMANAY PRODUCTION OFFICE

Ordinary members of the public... Surprise Greenpeace award.... Sounds like a great human interest story, Esther.

Why don't I go and first foot these people as they receive the award?... A heartwarming live T.V. moment!



H.M. DEPT. OF THE ENVIRONMENT

Greenpeace are involved.... And the BBC.... Everyone's going to be talking about this Millennium Sanctuary, Minister.

Then I should go along and show that the government cares too.... And why not include this Malcolm and Cressida in the New Year's Honours list?



UNITED NATIONS LONDON HEADQUARTERS

We need to show the World that the U.N. can represent ordinary citizens in the 21st Century... Straight after midnight, we should appoint two new United Nations People's Ambassadors...

Great idea!.. But who should we choose?

Well, there is this couple, Malcolm and Cressida....



Midnight....

I can't believe Tarquin and Guinevere deserted ush.... Nie!...

Have some more wild berry wine... I'm gonna have a look on the internet... Shee if the dishwashers have shtarted yet....



Uh! What's happened to the computer?!



Thish ish it! Itsh happened! Global warming hash... hash caushed the millennium bugsh to... to... breed uncontrollably!... All the worldsh computer shustems have crashed!!



Government will grind to a shreandsheill!.. There'll be mashive food shorages! Millionsh of unemployeh youths will be deprived of their shocial shecurity payments!... The inner-city underclasses will riot!



Quick! Have a look through the periscope and shee whatsh going on out there...



People like Malcolm and Cressida are the unsung heroes of humanity's struggle to make a better world... At last, they're about to receive public recognition for their lifetime's commitment to caring civilized values....



There's a gang of intruders approaching!!

Looters!!

We must defend the sanctuary!!



So Cressida and Malcolm didn't fancy coming out to enjoy the party too, Tarquin?

No... They said it was an orgy of drunken oblivion.



GET AWAY FROM OUR PROPERTY!! GET BACK TO YOUR COUNCIL ESTATES!!

BURN, YOU UNDERCLASS SCUM!!



Raffles The Gentleman Thug

RAFFLES & BUNNY ARE SPENDING XMAS DAY AT GADSDILL, THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF OLD DAYS' AUTHOR CHARLES DICKENS.



Tara Palmer Banana Pajama Thompson



THE SIXTH

